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SUBWAY ART

ISSUE 5

NEW YORK HALL OF FAME

MAD SESSIONS. CON INTERVIEW. FREIGHTS

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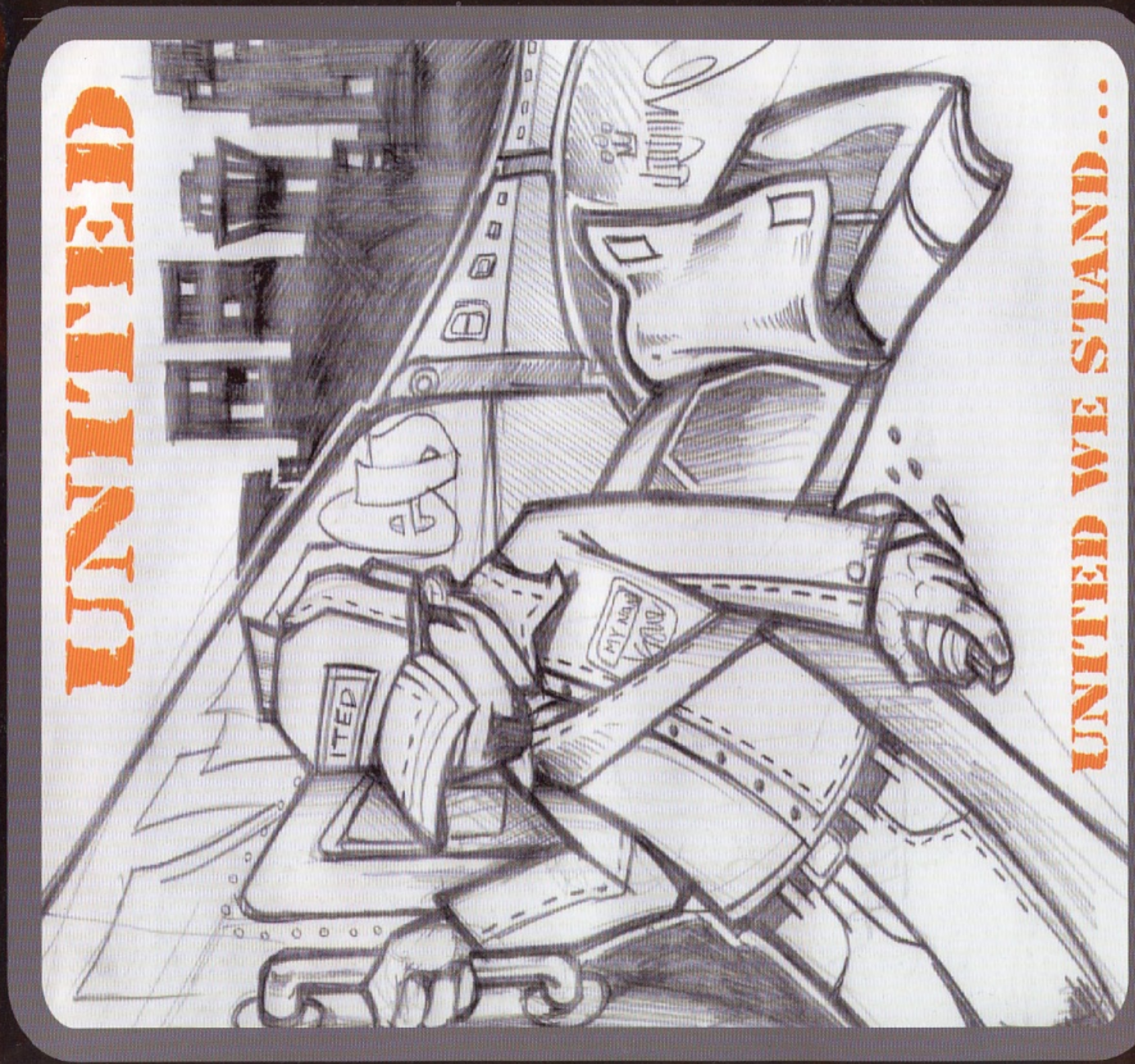

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CON ONE

TC: SO WHATS UP CON? WHAT GOT YOU INTO GRAFF?

CON: LETS SEE... I HAVE TO SAY "WELCOME BACK KOTTER" INFLUENCED ME THE MOST. I USED TO WATCH THAT SHOW ALL THE TIME AS A KID AND I REMEMBER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SHOW THEY SHOWED AN ELEVATED TRAIN IN NYC ROLLING DOWN SOME TRACKS WITH PIECES ON IT. THERE WAS ALSO AN EPISODE WHERE JOHN TRAVOLTA (VINNY BARBARELLO, I THINK) DID SOME MURAL ON THE SIDE OF HIS SCHOOL. SO ALL THAT STUCK IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD UNTIL I GOT OLDER. THEN ONE DAY I ACCIDENTALLY PICKED UP A SPRAY CAN AND IT ALL CAME BACK TO ME. MY LIFE WAS RUINED FROM THERE ON. I KNOW MANY WRITERS HAD THE SAME EXPERINCE.

TC: UHH YEAH. SO ANYWAY WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NOW?

CON: WELL, I'M BACK ON THE EAST COAST AFTER BEING IN L.A. FOR A WHILE.

TC: WHAT DID YOU THINK OF L.A.?

CON: CHRIST, THAT PLACE IS A WARZONE. INFRARED HELICOPTERS , BEATDOWN -HAPPY COPS, MAD GANGS, AND TONS OF BEEF. EVERYONE WANTS TO PUT A KNIFE IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BACK. ON THE EAST COAST IT'S JUST AS CRAZY, BUT IN DIFFERENT WAYS. I CAME UP IN BALTIMORE, AND THERE IS THIS STEROTYPE OUT HERE THAT CALI IS ALL LAID BACK AND CHILL. BUT I LEARNED THAT ISN'T THE CASE REAL QUICK, AFTER A FEW HELICOPTER CHASES.

TC: SO YOU GOT CHASED BY THE GHETTO BIRD A FEW TIMES?

CON: YEAH, ON MANY OCCASIONS. ESPECIALLY, THAT ONE TIME I WAS PAINTING TRAINS WITH BIG5, APART, AND PRAE. THE COPS ROLLED US, WE TOOK OF RUNNING DOWN THE LINE AND RAN INTO THIS OLD BUM LADY. SHE SEEMED A LITTLE A CRAZY AND KEPT TALKING TO US. AS WE RAN FROM THE COPS. WE GOT TO THE END OF THE LINE AND WERE LOOKING FOR A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE, SINCE IT WAS A FULL ON RAID SHE SAID SHE LIVED IN AN OLD TRUCK NEXT TO THE TRACKS AND SAID WE COULD HIDE THERE. EVERYONE WAS ARGUING ABOUT WHAT TO DO. THEN AT THE END OF THE TRACKS THE GHETTO BIRD SWOOPED AND TURNED ON THE FUCKIN SPOT LIGHT. WE DIDNT HAVE A CHOICE SO WE ALL JUMPED IN THE BACK OF HER TRUCK. WE JUST SAT AND WAITED, THE BIRD WAS HOVERING ABOVE THE TRAINS LOOKING FOR US. SHE TURNED ON THIS RADIO OUTSIDE TO HIDE ANY NOISE WE MADE. I THINK A COP CAME DOWN AND QUESTIONED HER, BUT SHE NEVER GAVE US UP. AFTER AN HOUR OR SO THEY GAVE UP AND WE HOPPED OUT AND GOT OUR RIDES. WE HOOKED HER UP WITH ABOUT $20 BUCKS AND SPLIT.

TC: YEAH YOU CANT FUCK WITH L.A.

CON: I THINK EVERY WRITER SHOULD HAVE TO DO A TOUR OF DUTY THERE. ONCE YOU GO THROUGH THAT SHIT, YOU APPROCIATE GRAFF A LOT MORE. I LOVED L.A. EVEN THOUGH

Mad Sessions

One Sunday night CON and I decided to go paint trains at the Hamburgular because it was laid up fat. After we finished smokin a bowl, we mobbed into the yard. We looked around to see if anyone else was in the yard. Low and behold the hommies KENR and OLE were painting in there. So CON and I walked up to the flat car that KEN and OLE were painting on and we started to wreck it also. No more than 10 min. In the yard, a chevy blazer with a light on the side, mashed into the yard and they were coming after us. We all saw them and broke. I grabbed my cans and booked! CON was right behind me with OLE but we didn't know KEN went. The blazer had it's lights right on us and they were coming fast. We ran down to a sewer pipe that went under the freeway. Luckily KEN saw us and soon followed. We ran to the pipe and tried to hop in it. None of us saw the deep ass puddle in front of it. It was waist deep and we fell in it. But we all managed to get in to pipe and crawl across under the freeway. We made to the other side and stashed our paint. We broke out to hide in some apartment complex and then the ghetto bird was out after us. We managed to hide for a while with out getting spotted and then started to walk to a 7-11 to call a cab to get us back to our car. The taxi driver took us back to the car where the cops were parked right next to our cars. So we got dropped off at a gas station and waited for about an hour. By then to cops had left. so we hopped in the car and went to the other side of the freeway to get our paint, but the cops were parked right by our paint. We bailed and came back the next morning to get our paint and we went into the yard to pick up some cans that we left behind. When we walked in we saw the cops had popped all the cans we left behind and they tagged spw on my piece. I don't know what spw means but fuck the police and all the train workers who have chased me out or caught me...until next time...."APARTone"

Tko.btp. Fu. Fr8 gang starz....

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